

Ralph

America

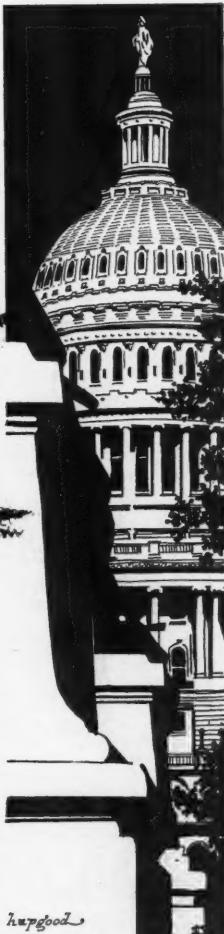
Profile of Washington

by Wilfrid Parsons

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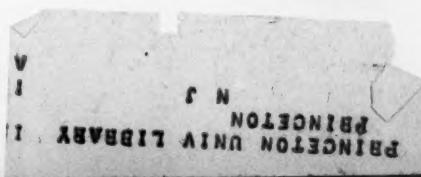


... and a report on the
mood of the South
by Stephen P. Ryan

June 15, 1957

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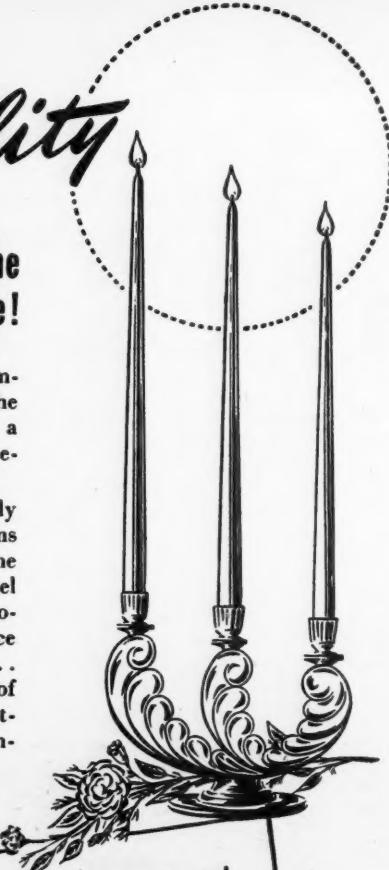


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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCVII No. 11 Whole Number 2509

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Correspondence

Marian Theology

EDITOR: "Mary and the Theologians" by Fr. Thomas E. Clarke, S.J., in your issue for May 11, it a thought-provoking article. Thank you for giving it to us. It is indeed the homage of scholarship to Mary.

Some day, departing from strict scholarship and soaring into the realms of fancy, some writer might give us a meditation on our Lady's being taken "from earth to heaven without passing through the common archway of death." Did Mary die? This is one of the questions of current interest mentioned in the article. . . . When we want to adapt our thinking to Mary's Assumption without death, we have to recreate the whole glorious mystery.

WINFRID HERBST, S.D.S.

Menominee, Mich.

Forgotten Slovakia

EDITOR: Thank you for noticing "Forgotten Slovakia" in your April 13 editorial. . . . So many do not even know that such a country and its people exist, that they bleed and toil and suffer in Communist bonds, where only their Catholic faith is their support and sustenance. . . .

SISTER M. MARTINA

Danville, Pa.

Faculty Salaries and Tuition

EDITOR: Your article, "Raising Faculty Salaries," in the April 13 issue is a wonderful tribute to the heroic contribution of our lay faculties. It should be a great help to those college administrators who are trying to raise faculty salaries by one of the ways you suggest, *viz.*, raising tuition charges. This often meets opposition from those who never have to worry about lay teachers and their salaries.

JOSEPH B. O'CONNELL, S.J.
Manhasset, L. I.

EDITOR: Fr. Reinert's ideas concerning tuition payments deserve serious consideration.

A recent article in another periodical suggested the formation of a nonprofit corporation to handle tuition payments on a "study now—pay later" system. Whether the private colleges or an outside agency manages the program, it seems to me that something like this will have to come.

One difficulty that strikes my mind is the possibility that such a program might affect

adversely alumni-giving in the first few years after graduation, since the graduate would already be burdened with paying off his tuition.

As to the difficulties that might exist in California, many of the private schools here already have tuition rates running from \$750 to \$900 per year, as compared to the negligible charges in public institutions. Yet at present this differential does not seem to have affected enrolments in the private institutions. What would happen if we had an economic recession is, of course, another question. . . .

CHARLES S. CASASSA, S.J.
President

Loyola University
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR: I read with interest Fr. Davis' article on faculty salaries in the April 13 AMERICA. I agree with Fr. Paul Reinert that faculty salaries should be increased. I am convinced, however, that the proposals

he makes would not work in Michigan. . . . The problem of adequately financing privately supported higher education is broader and deeper than just faculty salaries.

CELESTIN J. STEINER, S.J.
President

University of Detroit
Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR: The article relative to an increase in faculty salaries (AM. 4/13) is most praiseworthy in view of the fact that it advocates the "study now—pay later" plan and has complete faith in the student body.

Catholic Laval University, Quebec, is decades ahead of its U. S. counterparts in following such an encouraging policy. I have completed my graduate work there, partly under those terms, and am proud to say that next fall Laval will welcome the fourth student I have encouraged to study for the doctorate there—three in medicine, one in literature.

Not only have many of us been faithful in fulfilling our obligations, but we donate yearly to the student loan fund and remain affectionately attached to our alma mater and its staff.

PAUL P. CHASSE
Somersworth, N. H.

The death of a book

Are books, as man, immortal?

God made man,
man books.

There's the difference.

God gives endless life to His masterpiece;
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Current Comment

Probing Union Corruption

As the McClellan committee started examining last week the affairs of the Bakery Workers, it could look back with satisfaction on its endeavors to date. After only a little more than three months of headline-making hearings, it had the scalp of one of the most powerful labor leaders in the land. On May 25 Dave Beck announced that he would not seek re-election as president of the Teamsters. Even before that the discredited Teamster boss had been ousted as a vice president of the AFL-CIO.

For the most part the McClellan committee has concentrated its fire on the Teamster Brotherhood—with emphasis on the Pacific Northwest. The shift to the Bakery Workers is a welcome change of pace, but it is no more than that. When the committee moves to New York and Los Angeles, to Minneapolis and Detroit, the Teamsters will again be making headlines.

Meanwhile the honest trade-union forces in the AFL-CIO are on the move. Toward the end of May the AFL-CIO executive council suspended the Laundry Workers and placed the Distillery Workers and the Allied Industrial Workers on a year's probation. Though these are small unions, there is nothing small about the stench they have emitted: The AFL-CIO leaders also adopted two new moral codes—one relating to democratic procedures, the other to financial record-keeping. There were even some signs, finally, of a revolt in the Teamsters against the leaders who have betrayed their trust. The McClellan committee wasn't claiming credit for all this, but its activities have certainly helped.

End of du Pont-GM Marriage

In the Supreme Court's decision on June 3 in the du Pont-General Motors case, the chief significance is the threat it poses to industrial empire-building. Perhaps the strongest trend in the post-war era has been the drive to diversify—the urge to increase earnings and but-

tress a corporation's position by buying up companies in different or only partly related lines. In the opinion of many, the merger movement, by weakening small and medium business, has raised a threat to the future well-being of our economy which is scarcely less menacing than inflation.

The du Pont-GM case had its genesis nearly 40 years ago when the late John Raskob persuaded the big chemical company to invest part of its huge World War I profits in the auto manufacturer. That original investment amounting to \$49 million, gave it a 23 per-cent stock interest and effective control. In 1949 the Government charged that this relationship was monopolistic and a violation of the antitrust laws. After a lengthy case tried in Federal Court in Chicago, Judge Walter La Buy found du Pont innocent. The Supreme Court's ruling—the vote was 4 to 2, with 3 abstentions—upset that decision. It has the effect of remanding the case to Judge La Buy for disposition.

Eventually, after several more years of litigation, du Pont will have to sell, or distribute among its stockholders, at least enough of its GM stock to divest itself of control. Meanwhile other empire-builders will be sitting on pins and needles wondering where the Justice Department's antitrust division will strike next.

Connecticut Bus Fight

The rich and populous little State of Connecticut, scene of many a story and study of modern suburbia, has just been through a two-fisted fight it isn't likely to forget. The issue was a bill before Connecticut's Legislature, authorizing, under local option, free bus transportation for children attending nonprofit private schools. Most of these children, as might be expected in strongly Catholic Connecticut, attend Catholic parochial schools. (See "Aid to Private and Parochial Schools," AM. 11/10/56.)

This bill, after being relegated to committee, was forced back to the floor

of the Legislature by majority signature. Then on May 29 ensued a dramatic 133-133 tie vote in the House of Representatives. (The State Senate had passed it, 31 to 5, on May 21.) The House Speaker broke the tie with a vote in favor of the bill, and Gov. Abraham A. Ribicoff signed it that night without comment.

On Sunday, May 26, a joint letter from the three Roman Catholic bishops of the State had been read at all Masses in Connecticut's 342 Catholic churches. The bishops called the matter "one of fundamental American justice," and solidly backed their argument with an appeal to the now-famous 1947 Supreme Court decision in *Everson v. Board of Education* (67 S. Ct. 504).

A bus ride for a school child is a pure and simple safety measure, designed to protect him or her from traffic dangers or from molestation by the deranged. To deny this public-welfare benefit to a school child because he gets off the bus at a parochial rather than a public school is clearly discriminatory. By a margin of one vote in the House, Connecticut has agreed that this is so.

Can We Stop Testing?

What "first step" will Mr. Eisenhower's disarmament specialist, Harold E. Stassen, be able to wrest from the Kremlin in the current UN disarmament meetings in London? Will it be, as rumored, some sort of temporary moratorium on the testing of nuclear weapons? No one envies Mr. Stassen the frustrating job of getting the Russians to guarantee their good faith regarding a ban on the tests they decry but continue to conduct.

The testing of multi-megaton hydrogen bombs is no longer simply another bit of business to be negotiated between the Russians and ourselves. A whole new dimension has suddenly been added to the problem. Great Britain has just entered the nuclear scene with her two recent Christmas Island tests. If there is now a third nuclear power, why should there not be a fourth, and so on? What is to prevent the ultimate nuclear build-up of India, France, Israel or Argentina?

The world's leaders know, and the general public is beginning to realize, that there is a strange and fatal fact connected with nuclear testing. No

country can test nuclear weapons, even within its sovereign boundaries, without affecting every people in the world. The fall-out from such tests, spread through the earth's atmosphere, respects no national frontiers. The terrible truth has now emerged that if enough nations tested enough big bombs we could de-

Coming in July

WHO IS LABOR'S ENEMY? SHOULD WE QUIT THE UNP? MAY CATHOLICS GAMBLE? A few of the questions answered in the July-August CATHOLIC MIND, 70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

\$3 a year 50¢ a copy

stroy the human race without resorting to war. The excessive irradiation of the globe would follow inevitably. (See our editorial, "The Strontium-90 Debate," p. 318.)

The strontium problem now stands squarely before us. Sen. Mike Mansfield on June 1 urged that another Big Four conference meet to seek an agreement on the way to end big-bomb tests. The fall-out hazard is bound to be on the top of the agenda at London. Prompt East-West agreement to curtail these tests is the order of the day.

Secretary Humphrey Leaves

Among the many businessmen who have served the Administration, none has acquitted himself with greater distinction than George M. Humphrey. Long a top executive in the Hanna industrial empire (steel, coal, iron ore) to which he is now returning, Mr. Humphrey was a reluctant recruit to Mr. Eisenhower's team. "Almost any time a businessman gets mixed up in politics," he said on taking over the Treasury, "he falls flat on his face."

Mr. Humphrey did not fall flat on his face. In a short time he established himself as the strong man in the Cabinet. When George talks, the President once said, "we always listen." Though this was especially true in questions of economic policy, it was true in other matters as well. That is why Mr. Humphrey's resignation, effective at the end of the present session of Congress, has generated so much speculation about the future course of Administration policy. Who will succeed to the influential role

with the President that this Taft Republican discharged with such grace and modesty? Will it be Robert B. Anderson, his successor? Or will it be someone more in tune with Mr. Eisenhower's "modern Republicanism?"

It was not the least of Secretary Humphrey's accomplishments that he quickly mastered the art of living with Congress. Unlike many businessmen, he understood that the Government cannot be run like a private corporation; and this predisposed him to make those compromises that are part and parcel of our tripartite system of rule. Before the Secretary quits Washington, he will be called upon to account for his fiscal and monetary policies before a critical Senate Finance Committee. However sharp these hearings may become, this much is sure: George Humphrey will leave town with the respect even of his foes.

Rebirth of a Parish

The death of Msgr. Edward F. Cunnie in Philadelphia on May 28 brought to public notice the singular success of one pastor in coping with a problem that baffles many pastors today: the restoration of the vanishing or "lost" parish.

His parish, St. Elizabeth's, dates from 1872. Around the turn of the century it was a solid, prosperous German-American parish. It had a three-story school designed for 2,200 pupils, with a fine auditorium.

All that was changed by the time Fr. Cunnie became pastor in 1937. In the ethnic ebb and flow that is common to American cities, the German Catholics almost all disappeared; and in their place came Negroes, mostly Protestant. Two of the school's three stories stood disused and empty; cobwebs festooned the auditorium.

Fr. Cunnie began his pastorate with the simple but profound conviction that his pastoral concern extended to every soul in the parish territory. It was not restricted to Catholics; certainly not to white Catholics.

In the next twenty years, Msgr. Cunnie (as he later became) remade St. Elizabeth's as a parish. Adult-education classes; instruction classes for parents (especially non-Catholics) so that the home life should support school teaching; block and neighborhood councils; a credit union—these were but the out-

ward signs of a healthy spiritual parish life. There are some 2,000 Catholics in the parish now, and the school enrollment, once down to 200, is again near the 1,000 mark.

Msgr. Cunnie welcomed and encouraged lay initiative, keeping himself out of the limelight. But all who worked with him felt that they received more than they gave.

On May 28, as he was preparing for Mass, he was called to his reward. May he rest in peace.

The Adenauer Campaign

Chancellor Adenauer of the German Federal Republic seemed to think, at his May 29 departure, that his five-day official Washington visit had been a personal political triumph. If so, his trip may help him to repeat the 1953 success of his Christian Democratic party when the Germans go to the polls in the Sept. 15 general elections.

The West German statesman was received with unusual cordiality and informality by President Eisenhower. The effect of this was to emphasize the close understanding between Washington and the Bonn Government, now seeking a new mandate from the people. The Chancellor is gambling that this *entente* will be an electoral asset for him three months from now, as it was in 1953.

The key to the Chancellor's satisfaction is found at the end of the joint communiqué issued after the conversations. It is there stated that "the conclusion of an initial disarmament agreement might be an appropriate time for a conference on the reunification of Germany. . . ." With such a statement to quote from, Chancellor Adenauer can insist anew that the great question of the eventual unification of East and West Germany has been helped, not hindered, by his policies.

In this formula Adenauer was able to counter fears in Germany that the present negotiations of Presidential Assistant Harold E. Stassen, at the London disarmament conference, might lead to widespread disarmament without any previous agreement on German unity. He has now linked progress in London with progress on German unification. The Adenauer program, momentarily confused by the new instructions issued to Mr. Stassen, is thus back under con-

trol. The Chancellor has a hand his Social Democratic rivals will find it hard to top.

Why a Boy Stabbed

What to do about juvenile delinquency is a question on which experts are divided. Until we heard about the statement of a Michigan psychiatrist, however, we had the idea that lack of religion and the breakdown of family cohesion were among the major acknowledged factors. Called to examine a 13-year-old boy who had attacked

three women with a knife, a specialist employed by the City of Detroit declared him the "victim of an overly religious feeling and of strict parental discipline."

Aroused by this paradoxical claim, the enterprising diocesan weekly, the *Michigan Catholic*, sought the opinion of two other mental-health specialists. Both of these regretted the language of their confrade, which, as they put it, left the public with the impression that religion and strict upbringing by his parents were the causes of the boy's trouble. They said psychiatrists do not believe parental strictness causes homi-

cidal tendencies; they stressed that religion, far from fostering mental illness, really conduces to mental health.

No doubt there are religious paranoid psychotics who will carry out acts of impulse against others. And perhaps there are some children—not many these days, we are sure—who suffer from excessive parental influence. But parents of normal children should not be confused about the proper role of their authority by the unguarded statements of a psychiatrist who apparently had not thought through the implications of religion and the home in the problems of adolescence.

Mockery of Jury Trial

There is nothing surprising, according to the old saying, in the news that the Dutch have taken Holland. So nobody was particularly amazed when on May 30 an all-white jury in Montgomery, Ala., acquitted two young white men of the bombing of a Negro church. (Four churches, the homes of two ministers supporting integration, a Negro taxicab stand and an adjoining residence were bombed in two outbreaks of terrorism following the end of bus segregation in Montgomery.)

According to reports, the defendants made no serious attempt to disclaim the crime as charged. Rather, they were proud they had committed this outrage. Their defense appealed in lurid language to violent passions of racial and regional chauvinism. The prosecution based its ineffective argument, not on the law of the land, but on appeals of another sort: fear and race prejudice. It was argued that if these men were acquitted the NAACP would use the event as a reason to support its own activities. This cynical bit of reasoning, incidentally, was perfectly sound.

More disturbing even than direct appeals to passion was the fact that this violation of elementary justice was executed by an ancient, highly prized legal institution, traditionally regarded as the safeguard of our liberties. An accused man is to be judged by his peers. The peers in this instance did judge, and they decided that the crime was to be commended.

This irresponsible action will cause no small embarrassment to the doughty members of Congress who are endeavoring to kill proposed civil-rights legislation. They are trying to attach an amendment that would require civil-rights cases

to be determined by jury trial and not by injunction. But here was a jury in action—not in a backwoods village but in the heart of a great metropolis—and this is what it produced. The same jury also did its best to undermine the widely proclaimed axiom that the South will settle its own affairs if given the chance and left alone.

Goings-on in Montgomery may be a blessing in disguise, however, if they help to remind the whole country of the mischief done right in our midst by selfish and crafty manipulators of race prejudice. A member of a Catholic parish writes in the *St. Louis Review* for May 31, objecting strenuously to

. . . incessant propaganda from real-estate people, appealing to the basest instincts in both whites and Negroes, stirring up panic and strife in specially designated areas for one purpose only: artificial stimulation of the market for property in one area by destroying the value and desirability of that in another.

Why do not white residents, asks the same parishioner, see the folly of "constantly jumping to such bait" as these interested agencies provide? And why do the Negroes not see the equal folly of letting themselves be used as "slaves and pawns" of people playing upon popular prejudice and panic?

Such shady stratagems lead by devious paths to the same goal as the Montgomery mockery of jury trials: racial conflict and the destruction of our peaceful American way of life. While deplored what happens elsewhere, we can look to our own backyards. The more intelligently we combat the agents of discord at home, the more effective will be our support for the brave men and women who are combating race prejudice in the South.

JOHN LAFARGE

FR. LAFARGE, S.J., is an associate editor of AMERICA.

Washington Front

Politics, Business and Some Semantics

Both politics and business are increasingly dominated by semantics, which may be defined as the science and art of picking the "good" word for your project or, failing that, pinning a "bad" word on that of your opponents. Some current examples:

Balanced Budget. Most Administrations boast of this, outside of war or depression; but they rarely mention the difference between the appropriations budget and the spending budget, which, after all the supplementals, etc., may be far out of line.

Bipartisanship. Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg once said bitterly, and he was its prophet, that it too often meant that "we [the Republicans in his case] are always called in on the crash landings, but never for the actual take-off." But, as a good word, it sounds very well indeed.

Disarmament. This does not mean what it says. At best, it means limited or gradual disarming; at worst it may mean only a cruel disillusionment for taxpayers here and people abroad.

Fair Trade. This sounds fine, but in many States it is a law which gives the manufacturer power to make all retailers in a State charge the price set by the manufacturer, even if only one retailer agrees. A big push is on to make this fraud a Federal law applying to goods in interstate commerce.

List Price. The Federal Trade Commission is now after some manufacturers' practice of advertising in national magazines a "list price" for their products, and then secretly allowing distributors and retailers to give discounts, often as much as 50 per cent. The happy consumer thinks he is getting a bargain; though, of course, the retail price was the original real one.

Right to Work. Here is phony semantics, if there ever was such. These laws, passed in many Southern States and in Indiana, guarantee nobody's right to work or to fair wages and working conditions. Their scarcely veiled purpose is to wreck collective bargaining and the worker's right to a living wage.

Civil Rights. Here the proponents of the Negroes' right to vote got the "good word" in first. Who can say he is against civil rights? Yet it is now being successfully challenged by a new "good" word, the right to jury trials in contempt cases, which might result in changing some thirty laws to the contrary.

Consumer Credit. A euphemism for private debts owed on installment buying. Last week, the Federal Reserve Board gave its total now as \$31.6 billion. It gave as a reason for the rise a liberalization of credit terms and of time payments, but added: "these conditions have been corrected." Oh, yes? The board should listen to the radio: e.g., the Washington Gas Light Co., a Government monopoly, offering gas ranges and refrigerators at "no money down, easy payments"—and a dozen other offers which I picked up over a week-end, but there is no space in today's column to list them.

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

THE HOLY SEE has appointed two representatives to the International Atomic Energy Authority to be set up under a draft statute signed by 82 nations last October (AM. 11/10/56; 5/25/57). The representatives are Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, and Frank M. Folsom, chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors of the Radio Corporation of America. Fr. Hesburgh signed on behalf of the Holy See the draft statute of the IAEA. The U. S. Senate has been holding hearings on American membership in the proposed authority.

► THE B. HERDER BOOK CO. of St. Louis announces that it is preparing a new and corrected edition of *The Sources of Catholic Dogma* (Denzinger's *Enchiridion*), which was discussed

in last week's AMERICA by Fr. Elmer O'Brien, S.J., in his article "Theology: No Pastime."

► CATHOLIC THEOLOGIANS will meet June 24-26 in Philadelphia for the 12th annual convention of the Catholic Theological Society of America (Inquiries c/o *The Sign*, Union City, N. J.).

► REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.S.S.R., dean of the School of Theology at The Catholic University of America, has also been appointed dean for religious communities at the university. In the latter post he succeeds the late Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P., who died March 8.

► SISTER MARY EMIL, I.H.M., active in the work of the Sister Formation Conference (AM. 1/12), received the honorary degree of doctor of laws from

Marquette University, Milwaukee, on June 3. On June 11 she was awarded the De La Salle Medal of Manhattan College, New York, conferred on rare occasions for outstanding educational achievement. She is the fourth person to receive the medal, and the first nun.

► CADET JOHN H. VICKERS, who entered the U. S. Military Academy from Fairfield College Preparatory School, Fairfield, Conn., was top man in the West Point class that graduated June 2. He won 12 of the 29 military and academic awards presented to the graduating cadets.

► REV. JOSEPH J. MATE, S.J., of the Hungarian Province, is one of 30 Jesuit seminarians to be ordained June 22 at Fordham University, by Auxiliary Bishop Joseph M. Pernicane. Mr. Máté described in our issue of Dec. 8, 1956 his imprisonment by the Communists, his life in Red Hungary and his dramatic escape during the October Revolution of last year.

C. K.

Editorials

The Strontium-90 Debate

Public opinion is rapidly taking shape on the subject of the deadly by-product of nuclear explosions, strontium-90. As test follows test, more and more of these long-lived radioactive isotopes clog the upper atmosphere, sift down all over the earth, then pass through food channels from contaminated plants and animals into human bones, blood and reproductive systems. Once lodged in the human organism in sufficient quantity, strontium-90 effects its work of disintegration by internal radiation.

In Washington a special subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy has been gathering testimony from top scientists on the subject of the strontium peril. Net result: 1) The world is in no immediate danger from past tests, but 2) tests cannot go on indefinitely without creating a serious hazard to the health of mankind.

How much farther can we go? Here opinion divides. On May 29 Dr. William F. Neuman told the subcommittee that the earth's atmosphere may already be "very close to loaded" with the permissible level of strontium from past explosions. He would cut U. S. testing to 2.5 megatons of nuclear energy a year. (In 1954 we exploded a 15-to-20-megaton weapon in the Pacific—our quota, by Dr. Neuman's standard, for seven or eight years.)

Dr. Willard F. Libby, who has recently been acting as spokesman for the Atomic Energy Commission, contends that tests can be continued for many years at the present rate without serious jeopardy to mankind. For some weeks now Dr. Libby has been soft-pedaling the fall-out danger. He recently disagreed, it will be remem-

bered, with the statement of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who warned the world of radiation hazards.

Science is apparently in no position to give definitive answers in this unexplored field. The difference of opinion between a Neuman and a Libby can probably never be resolved in the light of currently available evidence. All that scientists can do is to indicate the probabilities as they see them.

WHERE DOES TRUTH LIE?

Congress is trying to find out where the preponderance of probabilities is located. Sen. Clinton P. Anderson, vice chairman of the Joint Committee, recently hinted, in the May 30 issue of *The Reporter*, that the AEC has been "less than absolutely honest in its dealings with the public" on the question of fall-out dangers. The AEC, says the Senator, has been too anxious not to say anything that would be "psychologically bad" for the public. In his opinion it is worse psychology to withhold faith in the public's ability to deal with danger.

The Senator has a point. The people want to know. They want to know exactly what these hazards amount to. And it is not doing anyone any good for the public to get the idea that the AEC is sitting on even some of the facts. Strontium-90 is a still relatively unrecognized menace to life and health. It takes time for the public to grasp its unique and terrible power. But time is passing and public opinion is gathering force. This is the hour for utter frankness about the dangers to be reckoned with in an area where even a calculated risk is out of the question.

City of Peace

During his May 29 press conference, Secretary of State Dulles spoke cautiously of the possibility of a peace settlement in the Middle East. "The time may be approaching," he said, "when some of the basic problems may be dealt with without the intense emotionalism which has prevented any progress in the past." Why not begin by tackling the problem of Jerusalem?

Almost a decade has passed since the UN voted an international status for the Holy City. Yet Jerusalem remains divided—a symbol of the bitter antagonism which has set Arab against Jew and Jew against Arab in the Middle East. Surely a more constructive role is destined to be played by this city whose very name signifies peace.

The history of Jerusalem proclaims the city's international religious character. For almost 2,000 years it has been a center for the world's three great monotheistic faiths—Christianity, Islam and Judaism. For the Jew it is the site of the Tomb of David and of other ancient Kings of Israel. For the Muslim it contains the Mosque of Omar and the Dome of the Rock. For Christians Jerusalem and its immediate surroundings are intimately associated with the earthly life of Christ. The endless trek of pilgrims all through the centuries has tied this Holy City to Christian communities everywhere in the world. The one thing which makes the fate of Jerusalem worth bothering about by Christian, Muslim or Jew is its essentially religious character.

The UN gave frank recognition to the universal spiritual character of the city when it eliminated Jerusalem from that territory of Palestine which was to be partitioned between the Jewish and Arab states. It was for this reason alone that the UN Special Committee on Palestine, in its August, 1947 report to the General Assembly, insisted that Jerusalem be divorced from the politics of the Middle East. The committee went further and declared that religious peace in Jerusalem, which could be guaranteed only by an international regime, was an indispensable condition for the maintenance of peace between Israel and the Arab states. Three encyclicals of Pope Pius XII in 1948-49 echoed the UN's concern that Jerusalem should not be the jealous preserve of any one people but that it should belong to the world.

ISRAELI OPPOSITION

Despite Israel's argument to the contrary, the ideal has never been realized. Israel insists (cf. *Israel and the United Nations*, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Manhattan Publishing Co., N. Y., 1956) that there is no conflict between the actual "governance"

of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel and "legitimate international religious interests." That may be true. But this statement of the case affirms the primacy of Israel's political interests and makes these "international religious interests" subordinate to them. The peoples of the Middle East (and of the world) who own Jerusalem as part of a spiritual heritage have a right to a greater guarantee. For them, the city, like the Suez Canal, ought to be insulated from the political whims of any one nation. As long as Jerusalem remains the capital of Israel, it cannot be independent of politics, whereas, under an international regime, the rights of all, including those of Israel's Jews, would be guaranteed.

Jerusalem is a symbol of the unity of mankind, for all men were redeemed within its confines. To the Christian, therefore, it has an obvious role to play in the Middle East, if only it will be allowed to play that role. With peace restored to the City of Peace under an international regime, Christian, Muslim and Jew will learn that it is possible for all three to live in harmony. If in Jerusalem, why not throughout the whole of the Middle East?

Fast and Mass During Vacation

Christ and His disciples were really on something like a relaxed holiday walk when our divine Lord took the occasion to remind the Pharisees that "the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." You will recall the pleasant, pastoral scene—pleasant, that is, until the Pharisees began their captious objections.

Christ and His twelve seem to have been vacationing a bit as they strolled through the ripening fields. The disciples got hungry and began to pluck, strip and eat the ears of grain. Some of the snooping Pharisees pounced on the "violation" of the Law, claiming that this action of the disciples was equivalent to threshing, a work forbidden on the Sabbath. Our Lord rebuked their narrow-mindedness and concluded with the humane but majestic statement: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of Man is Lord even of the Sabbath" (Mark 2: 27-28).

The Church, ever imbued with the spirit of Christ, has always insisted that "*sacra menta sunt propter homines*"—the sacraments, though always to be administered and received with reverence and decorum, are adaptable in their administration to the needs and even, we may say, to the conveniences of men. Their reception is to be made more and more accessible, just as Christ during His earthly sojourn was approachable, available, at men's service. He desires still to be available to us—in His sacramental life.

It is vacation time, or soon will be for most of us. What better time to remind ourselves that Christ in His sacraments has been made more available to us through the recent changes instituted by the Pope regarding times of Mass and fasting before Holy Communion?

The following hints for leading a Catholic life during vacation are intended merely as a challenge to one's ingenuity and devotion. You will very likely be able to work out other ways of adapting the new relaxations to a holier vacation.

SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

In many places evening Mass is by now a fairly standard custom. Why not attendance at evening Mass before your late trip to the beach or your drive into the summer countryside? Or perhaps you are planning a trip. You can have breakfast at the motel, say, and reach the nearest church along your way in time for Holy Communion three hours later at an 11 o'clock Mass. Vacation stay-at-homes, obviously, will find it still easier to center their relaxation around daily Communion and, wherever it is available, around evening Mass.

It is quite true that, in granting these liturgical relaxations, the Holy Father urged those who can do so to hold to the ideal of the fast from midnight. But let us not be holier than the Church. Vacation is supposed to be a time for taking it easy. You can take it easy and still keep Christ in your vacation days.

To live your vacation thus close to Christ and His sacraments will require a little planning. Well, you will plan a motor trip, with road maps scattered all over the living-room floor and many a discussion about alternate routes to get in all the most lovely scenic attractions. It will be easier this year, thanks to the growing nearness of Christ to us in His sacramental life, to plan daily Mass and Holy Communion right into the vacation.

Profile of Washington

Wilfrid Parsons

THIS IS NOT A PROFILE of G. Washington, Esq.—as he used to sign himself—but of the city that bears his name, Washington, D. C. It is probably the most visited and the least understood of all our major cities.

The District of Columbia owes its existence to the Constitutional Convention of 1789, presided over by General Washington, whose personal aversion to our first capitals, New York and Philadelphia, was well known. Under his guidance, the Constitution included this provision:

The Congress shall have power . . . to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and by the acceptance of Congress, become seat of the Government of the United States. . . . (Art. 1, sect. 8)

The First Congress gave the President the power to carry out this mandate, and, himself a surveyor, he duly laid out the "ten miles square" on the border of Maryland and Virginia. It slanted slightly northwest, with the southwest corner in Virginia.

Then Washington got his friend the French Major Pierre L'Enfant to lay out the city. The major, being of a mathematical turn of mind, divided it into four segments, radiating out from the Capitol and separated by four streets, called respectively North, South, East and West Capitol. To the North-South streets parallel with these he gave numbers (1st, 2nd, etc.); and to the East-West streets he assigned letters, A-V. Then in alphabetical order come famous names of two syllables. Then in NW and NE Washington, which contain most of the city, we have alphabets of three-syllable names. Residents know where they are, but strangers are sometimes mystified.

To complicate all this, the good major crisscrossed the city with wide avenues running diagonally and named after States: Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, etc. Inevitably, he saw that where N-S, E-W streets and an avenue came together, there would have to be a circle; so we have Dupont Circle and a dozen others.

The population of the District has evolved constantly.

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There were first the aristocratic residents with stately and gracious houses downtown and in Georgetown. Their descendants are now vulgarly called "cliff dwellers." Then, fewer at first, came the Federal employees and Congressmen with their families. These grew inordinately in number after 1933. The local slang for secretaries, stenographers, filing clerks, is G-girls. One group who surrounded me after a lecture at a Catholic meeting, when I asked them what they did, replied facetiously: "Why we belong to Uncle Sam's harem." I found they were all daily communicants.

After Emancipation in 1863, and even before, there was a large influx of Negroes from the South to take the menial jobs. They now number just short of 40 per cent of the population, but, as a harbinger of things to come, the official Negro school population exceeds 60 per cent. There have also been, since World War II, great shifts of population. The whites have moved out in many thousands to the mammoth new housing developments in nearby Virginia and Maryland, and Negroes have filled the vacuum.

L'Enfant's idea was to leave large spaces behind each square for terraces, trees and gardens. This has been a disaster: in many areas these spaces are filled with shacks, with no running water or inside toilets. These are the "alleys," and we have an Alley Dwelling Authority to clean them up, a group of devoted men and women with too little cooperation from community or Congress.

Then we have the "blighted areas," as most cities have. Here they are parts of Foggy Bottom, almost all of Southwest Washington, and a wide crescent running from Pennsylvania Avenue, just opposite the White House, north to Florida, and west from N. Capitol to 14th Street. In this latter area, sometimes called "the wickedest precinct," surveys show the largest incidence of tuberculosis, venereal disease and juvenile delinquency, and this among underprivileged whites and blacks alike. The casual visitor to Washington does not see this.

A PREVALENCE OF GOVERNMENT

Washington residents are not really citizens; they have no right to vote and no self-government, but they are probably the most "governed" city in the land. The real executive power lies with the two District Congressional Committees, with the Senate committee predomi-

nant. The chairman of this committee is jocularly called the "Mayor of Washington." At present he is Sen. Matthew M. Neely (D., W. Va.), a mild and benevolent despot, with considerable experience in State and municipal administration. Chairman of the House District Committee is Rep. John L. McMillan (D., S. C.), a sort of Vice Mayor.

Members of the committees are usually "freshmen," or oldsters sure of re-election. Any favors done the District are deeply resented back home and exploited by opponents, which is one reason why Washington is so starved for funds. Yet the whole Congress has to pass on every bit of city trivia, from the size of fish one may catch to the number of rabbits. Hundreds of these small municipal bills are passed every year, on District Days twice a month, before nearly empty houses. Nobody has ever, to my knowledge, called for a quorum since the days of Rep. (later New York Mayor) Fiorello LaGuardia, whose colleagues were glad to see him go.

Immediate administration, always under the usurped authority of Congress (which by the Constitution has only *legislative power*), is carried on by three commissioners, Presidential appointees, one of whom must, by law, be a U. S. Army Engineer. Their status is unenviable, and they rarely last more than two or three years. Moreover, something like fifteen congressional appropriations subcommittees, not to speak of the Bureau of the Budget, pass on District affairs, often arbitrarily and sometimes with scant knowledge or even sympathy. Under the commissioners there are many semi-official agencies. A recent writer estimated that anybody who wants to set on foot a slum-clearance and rebuilding program has to pass through fourteen different boards, and even then Congress or the Bureau of the Budget could veto the whole plan.

For many years the newspapers have been campaigning for "home rule"—the complete possession of which, incidentally, is not enjoyed even by New York or Philadelphia. But these and all other cities may at least elect their own local governments, their representatives in Congress, and vote for President. In the last Congress the Senate passed a home-rule bill, setting up an elected Mayor and City Council, an elected non-voting Delegate in Congress, like Alaska and Hawaii, and allowing the vote for President. But the bill was locked up in the House Rules Committee, dominated by Rep. Howard W. Smith, of Virginia, and could be dislodged from it only by a petition of a majority of the membership. In the present Congress several bills for home rule have been introduced, some with the backing, but not too active support, of the Administration.

The real but unspoken motive for opposing home rule is, of course, the fear of Negro domination on the part of many Washingtonians and Southern Democrats. The recent increase of the black population is for them a further argument against home rule. Rep. Thomas L. Ashley (D., Ohio) has come out with the blunt statement that, of course, it is the Negro question that is holding back self-government for Washington—a curious commentary on the nation's capital.

The District has, of course, the usual municipal ser-

vices, water, police, fire, etc., under the three commissioners, but still subject to congressional supervision, which greatly slows things up. The District has four police forces: Secret Service (the White House and surroundings), Park Police, Capitol Police and the Metropolitan Police. The latter are the regular city police. Not long ago, they had a deplorable reputa^te, due to recruitment, in the lower levels, by patronage, from such as hillbillies in the South. Now, under Chief Robert V. Murray, they have achieved in an astonishingly short time a high rating for smartness and efficiency. The Fire Department has long had a reputation as one of the best, if not the best, in the land.

INTEGRATED SCHOOLS

The public schools are under the over-all control of a school board of nine, three of whom must be Negroes, a grotesque disproportion to the school population. This school board is appointed by, of all people, the judges of the District Court, a chore which, I am reliably informed, they devoutly hate. But it is just another example of the mixed-up administration of Washington by legislative-judicial-executive powers, outside the control of the people of the district.

The public schools were surveyed six years ago in the Strayer Report, which found a dozen to be obsolete, or even firetraps. Many others were obsolescent, had overcrowded classes or two shifts, sometimes ill-trained teachers. These conditions, many of them in the Negro schools, were and are due to the negligence and indifference of Congress, the ultimate governing body. Now that the public schools are integrated, following the two Supreme Court decisions, the Negro children are finding it hard to keep up with their better-educated white fellow-pupils. This is acknowledged to be the result of long underprivilege, not a mark of racial inferiority.

Washington has a fine parochial-school system, with, of course, the added superiority of having trained Sister schoolteachers. The Catholic schools were integrated at elementary and high-school levels by Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle; he did it without any public fanfare, as is his wont. There were no incidents. As one Catholic boy put it: "Negroes are people, too, ain't they?"

Washington is a city of churches and churchgoers. The majority of the Protestant churches are all-white. The Negroes have their own, mostly belonging to one of the many Pentecostal sects. There are five Negro Catholic churches, four of them run by that devoted band of missionaries the Josephite Fathers. But many whites attend these churches, so they too are integrated, by circumstance. The other Catholic churches are integrated by order of the Archbishop and are attended by Negroes in the parish where they happen to live.



We have many hospitals, too, the two Congress-controlled being in the worst shape, as usual. Catholics have the new Georgetown University Hospital, and the even newer shiny Providence Hospital, just back of Catholic University. Some of the older hospitals are obsolescent, and there is much talk of merging some of them.

After home rule and desegregation (which by court rule progresses steadily) Washington's biggest problem is housing. It has some of the worst slums in the country. As I said, many agencies deal with this problem. At present SW Washington is getting attention. It is divided into Areas A, B and C. Area B is already de-

molished, and rebuilding begins soon. Next comes C, then A. The Land Redevelopment Agency and two Urban Renewals take the lead in this work, the former demolishing and building anew, the latter improving existing housing. Thus Washington may some day become, behind the façades, the beautiful city most people think it is. Some day, when the people control their own affairs, it probably will be. The big stumbling block is the Federal Government, which owns or leases 40 per cent of the real estate, gets all the ordinary municipal services, but is tax-exempt and steadily refuses to assume more than a small share of its rightful financial obligations.

Climate of the South

Stephen P. Ryan

THE JEREMIAD IS NOT ONE of the more popular literary genres. Few people have ever really enjoyed giving vent to one or having one addressed to them. It is this writer's intention, however, to risk unpopularity: the theme of his lamentation will be "Race Relations in the South." I have read the Fleming-Roth report; I have read Joseph Lyford's discussion of it in "Race Relations Improve" (AM. 4/20). Frankly, I have not been impressed.

It may be well to begin with a distinction. The South, for the purposes of the present article, does not embrace those border States where significant progress in racial attitudes has been made; where elected officials have accepted the 1954 ruling of the U. S. Supreme Court; where an already noticeable transformation from a segregated to an integrated pattern in schools, public transportation and housing has been brought about.

The South in which I live, the South of which I write in the present article, is well defined: those eight States that stretch from the northern extremity of the Virginia Blue Ridge to the east bank of the Sabine River. They are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida. In these eight States, three years after the Supreme Court ruling of May, 1954, not a single public school has been integrated.

ROUT OF THE LIBERALS

It is lamentable, but true, that in these eight States the racial climate has seriously degenerated during the past three years. Note: the racial climate, *not* racial tensions. There is a difference; the change for the worse has negative rather than positive implications.

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Possibly the most serious sign of bad times in the South is the quiet, orderly, but none the less ignominious retreat of the white "liberal" from the battlefield. That "fifth column of decency," of which Robert Penn Warren wrote so enthusiastically, has surely become the most inconspicuous fifth column in history. It is so silent that one honestly must raise doubts as to its continued existence. The signs of the withdrawal have been all about us here in the South for the past several months: the resignation of once stalwart mainstays from interracial councils; the apologetic, shame-faced refusals to appear at public functions involving discussion of human rights; the absence of editorials suggesting adherence to the Supreme Court decisions on school segregation; the terrified expressions on the faces of former open sympathizers when racial matters are broached in the presence of strangers; the withdrawal of financial support from Negro institutions; and the frequently expressed fears that "things moved too fast, now look at all the trouble we are having."

There are reasons for the retreat of the "liberal." The activities of the White Citizens' Councils have engendered a climate of fear: fears of economic reprisal in the businessman, fears of social ostracism in people of all social classes, fears of violence in the timid and the doubtful. Nor are these fears to be dismissed with a contemptuous shrug by the social scientist, sitting safe and sound in St. Louis, 800 miles away; by the human-rights specialist in Chicago, bolstered in his work by the approval of city officials and the weight of decent public opinion; by the statistician in New York who has all the facts and figures neatly tabulated to prove that integration is just around the corner. To the Southern white man with integrationist sympathies the fears are very real and very close.

A concomitant development is the appearance of a new and unhappy attitude among the South's Negro leadership. We all have read of Rev. Martin Luther

King. Unfortunately, his unique approach, his personal zeal and his successes have not rubbed off on many of his fellows. The new Negro attitude, while not completely defeatist, is marked by a sort of weary acceptance of the *status quo*. The acceptance results from a disillusionment that is rooted in the defection of white "liberals," the civil-rights double-talk of both major political parties, the strangling in many Southern States of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the slowness of court proceedings in segregation cases, and the feeling that people in general just don't care. Many Negro Catholics are particularly distressed by the fact that integration policies enunciated months ago have yet to be reduced to practice.

White fears and Negro disappointment have combined to effect an almost complete breakdown in inter-racial communications—communications that were progressing beautifully a few short years ago. The combination of "I'm afraid" and "I don't care" has had a devastating effect. Perhaps some of the St. Louis and New York experts can tell us how it is all to be remedied?

FLIGHT INTO THE PAST

A third phenomenon which has contributed to the hardened anti-integration stand of the South is most difficult to analyze and, in a sense, almost unbelievable. The revival of an extreme States'-Rights position is actually so anachronistic that the non-Southerner is tempted to conclude that he is being made the victim of some gigantic regional joke when he hears the views of John C. Calhoun and Alexander Stephens proposed with a straight face by some earnest Southern friend. But it is no joke. Interposition, nullification, the doctrine of the concurrent majority, and all the constitutional philosophy which most "Yankees" thought was settled for once and all during the years 1861-1865, now turn up again revivified and refurbished. One is startled, for example, to find an intelligent Southerner like Walker Percy, certainly no racist, confidently stating that the South's constitutional position was correct, while admitting that slavery was a mistake: this, mind you, in the year 1957.

This regional adherence to a doctrine long discredited elsewhere is frequently and mistakenly equated with racial prejudice by persons living outside the South. The truth of the matter is that many Southerners willing to accept integration do object to what they honestly believe to be Federal interference in a matter that properly belongs to each State individually. The net result has been, however, that integration has suffered because of the mistaken views of Southern particularists.

Also hard for the outsider to understand is another Southern phenomenon which has militated strongly against acceptance of racial integration—an almost pathological attachment to the past. This produces that breed of men, indigenous to the South, who are capable of approving of integration and then, practically in the

same breath, falling into a state of almost religious ecstasy as they hysterically extol the glories of the old South of slavery, mocking birds, hominy grits and Bourbon whiskey—a South which manages to get itself mixed up with some sort of modified Greek democracy where every Southern gentleman rode off to the wars with a volume of Plato in his saddlebags. This nonsense is still very much alive.

The point here is that there is more to the South's anti-integration fight than mere race hatred. The flight of the white "liberal," the growing indifference of the Southern Negro, the revival of long-discredited political doctrines, adherence to the empty symbols of the past—these are far more disturbing than the positive acts of the White Citizens' Councils and the antics of the revived Klan. Councils and Klan are symptomatic of a lunatic fringe approved by comparatively few Southerners. But the other manifestations go deep; in them lies the real danger.

Of all positive reactions to the Supreme Court decisions, the anti-integration legislation passed in certain States (notably Louisiana) has the greatest present nuisance value. Though, according to competent legal opinion, this legislation will never stand up under court tests, it has had the disturbing effect of adding to white fears and Negro disillusionment.

The Louisiana legislation of 1956, for example, prohibits athletic events involving Negro and white competitors; forbids racially mixed attendance at any type of social function, concert or entertainment; requires certificates of character from all applicants for admission to State colleges and universities, such certificates to be signed by the applicants' high-school principals or county school superintendents. Finally, it was made a misdemeanor for any school official to advocate integration—which means that principals and superintendents may not sign applications for Negro applicants to the State university. (The Federal District Court has recently declared the last two laws unconstitutional; but the general tenor of the State's thinking must be apparent.)

The greatest of all dangers within the South, the regional factor which few students of the subject have considered, is the problem of the fundamentally "good" man who is honestly and sincerely an outspoken foe of racial integration; and the great majority of Southerners fall into this category.

What is to be done, for example, about the active Catholic parishioner, a daily communicant, who calmly and seriously announces that he will join the Episcopal Church if the Catholic archbishop orders integration in the diocesan schools? What



of the other daily communicant who leads an open revolt against his bishop and invites membership in an organization of "white Catholics"? Or again, the Episcopal minister who regularly opens the meetings of a White Citizens' Council with a prayer for the success of its program? What do you say to the solid citizen who has no objection to school integration, but honestly believes that the Supreme Court exceeded its authority in the school cases and usurped the powers which properly belong to the sovereign States?

On the other side we have people like the Negro doctor, young, talented, ambitious, with the diploma of the American College of Surgeons, who tried for a year in his home town in the South, and then wearyingly headed for the West Coast—"where I can practice my profession like a human being." There is the long-time leader of his people who confessed that he was "just too tired to keep it up any longer." What of the young Negro college seniors of the class of '57 who "can't wait to get out of this lousy South"? What of the thousands of Negroes leaving the "warm comforts" of the South to take their chances in the jungle-ghettos of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia? What of the tens of thousands of discriminatory signs which still confront every Negro in most areas of the South? What of the segregated public schools in eight States? What of the segregated parochial schools in eight States?

We ask the optimists to come down and see for themselves. Yes, we know about the bus victory in Montgomery, the Negro policemen in Chattanooga, the Negro Councilman in Atlanta, the integration in the Clinton schools. We know other things also: the open attacks by Southern Senators on the basic law of the United States, the mistreatment of Negroes in Southern jails, the double standards of Southern courts. Thousands of our Negro citizens, sensitive and intelligent, are exposed daily to insults and indignities in this region of paradoxes, of Greek democracy and "Anglo-Saxon" ferocity, of mint juleps and fried catfish, of stately homes and sharecroppers' shacks, of courtesy and persecution.

It must be emphasized that the above does not imply that racial integration in the South is a lost cause. The South has already fought and lost its cause and its case—at the courthouse in Appomattox and in that other courthouse in Washington. Changes have been effected; other changes will come. Integration will become an accepted part of the Southern scene.

The realist cannot close his eyes to the facts, however; and anyone who sees a swift victory for justice and decency is deluding himself. The fight must continue; the "liberal" whites in their thousands must emerge from hiding; the Negroes must be reassured that their white brothers will stand by them. The dust of accumulated prejudice must be swept away; the ignorant enlightened; the weak strengthened; the vicious controlled. The truth must be allowed to shine forth in the light of day, and not suffered to skulk in a cellar.

All this will indeed happen; but, despite the statisticians, the experts and the dewy-eyed optimists everywhere, it will not happen tomorrow.

Multitude of Islands

Magellan, Dias, Zarco, and
Cabral, Da Gama, Velho—venturing band
On demi-puppet band leaned above new
Flat maps dotted with ingot-isles;
Groping in hope for fairer territory;
Gaping at gardens of sunburst Indies
Fruited with gold from core to rind.

The scheming senses shape their land
From clouds; numb fingers fumble faithless sand
Miraged in alchemic aridity.
Thought is the tangible, the true:
Refuge of reason, of the unvexed mind,
Washed with a gulfstream warmth for boundless miles;
The bright Bermuda of one's certainties.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN

Our Lady, Patron of Arts

Lady, for whose blessed house
once a keen true-driven adze
deftly trimmed the plank to splice
sturdy timber edge to edge
with stout corners mitered well.
Lady, in whose aura spice
of fresh cedar planings tell
pungently of times you stood
in the workshop door, and wood
was a gift you counted good.

Mary, labors that you watched
honored heaven here on earth
as the tool and hand went matched
nobly to the vision's worth.
Still for us will you not lend
wisdom where the craftsmen bend
by their benches that they see
wonder shine more gloriously
fruited on the Living Tree?

Queen of Heaven, for this day
help us with our task of praise.
Groping, we could set awry
where your perfecting would raise
shafts to scale Eternity.
Lest we falter, Mary, come—
earth while ours is still your home.
Brightly in the doorway stand,
light the toiler, lift his eyes;
for the builder, guide his hand
firmly in a Master-planned
human scale of Paradise!

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR

Film Festival at Cannes

Maryvonne Butcher

THE FILMS THIS YEAR at the International Film Festival were, I think, undeniably of higher quality than in the past several years. There were far fewer, or at any rate I saw far fewer, of those really bad films which drive one irritably out of the cinema to blink crossly in the sun outside. The picture which Finland sent this year, *Elokuu*, a dreary story of an alcoholic lock-keeper in a heat-wave, did, however, sink to depths of banality that one has hardly experienced since the late 'twenties. But apart from this and an immensely boring film from Romania, I did not see one film that I could not sit through with attention and a certain amount of enjoyment. There were several which gave a much livelier pleasure, and at least four which were very good indeed—two, in fact, which one felt to be near-masterpieces.

STORY OF EXPECTANCY

The first of these was Robert Bresson's latest, *Un Condamné à Mort s'est échappé*, which left one in a state bordering on exaltation, so brilliant, so purely of the cinema was it. Bresson has made only four films altogether—as somebody said of him rather wistfully, he is the only director who makes films as and when he likes, paying no attention to the box office—and it is nearly six years since he made the unforgettable *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne*. This time he has used no professional actors at all; he says that he cannot use them for his kind of "interiorization," however good they may be; in fact, the better they are the less they suit his purpose. The young man who plays the French officer condemned to death by the Nazis is a teacher in ordinary life, with a beautiful bony face, floppy dark hair and eyes of the utmost expressiveness. Indeed the whole drama of the long, torturing hours and days and weeks in the prison at Lyons is conveyed to us through those dark eyes and the sharpening planes of the angular face.

The story is simple: Fontaine is captured, tries to escape from the truck taking him to prison, is immediately recaptured and soon sentenced to death. The rest of the film deals with his decision to escape, the minute preparations he makes for this break, the effect his decision has on his fellow prisoners when they learn

of it, and the sudden crisis induced by the arrival of a scruffy, tough little delinquent of sixteen, who is thrown into his cell at the last moment and whom he therefore has to take with him. The climax of the picture, the breathless sequence of the escape itself, is somehow of less importance than his final realization that he could not have succeeded in his escape without the help of this boy.

The film expresses no judgment on the situation; it inspires no hatred, evokes no ideology. The Germans are hardly ever shown to us, except as shadows on a wall, hands locking a cell door or voices raised rauously through the echoing passages of the prison. An extraordinarily clever sound-track brings us alternately the comforting noises of the outside world over the walls, and a formal, almost mathematical use of music by Mozart that swells up and then dies away at moments of tension. No one, after seeing *Un Condamné*, could question that the cinema is indeed an art.

The French entry was impressive this year, and to everyone's satisfaction the official jury awarded it the prize as the best complete entry in the Festival. A striking feature was entered by Jules Dassin, who made *Rififi* a couple of years ago, and who has in his time worked in Hollywood. This was an interesting and powerful version of Nikos Kazantzaki's novel, *Christ Recrucified*, called *Celui qui doit mourir*.

PRIZE FRENCH ENTRY

The story is about refugees from a burned and sacked Cretan village who come to another rich village for help, are refused and camp outside it, a living reproach to its inhabitants. In the prosperous village everyone is preparing for the town's customary dramatization of the Passion of our Lord, and the players who have been picked for Magdalene, St. Peter, St. John, Judas and our Lord Himself find that they are inevitably pushed into playing something like their parts in real life. The stammering shepherd who is chosen as Christ is done to death for his efforts to help his neighbors, and the parallel between Pharisees and the followers of Christ is closely drawn. This is a gripping theme, surely, and it is handled with great conviction, but the acting, and indeed the direction, seemed to me too theatrical and somehow too overloaded to make this a great film.

Finally, the French gave us the most enchanting short film about a little boy and a tiny elephant called

MARYVONNE BUTCHER, film critic for the London Tablet, has reported for AMERICA on the Film Festivals at Venice (1953), Cannes (1955) and Berlin (1956).

Niok. This offering had almost every virtue of color, rhythm and intelligence. It was set in Vietnam, and with no commentary. The soft chuckling voices and lovely groupings conveyed to perfection this story of true affection that would rather see its object happy than possessed.

The other outstanding picture was Fellini's *Le Notti di Cabiria*, which again stars his genius of a wife, Giulietta Masina. It is, briefly, the story of an unfortunate woman whom life and poverty have forced to earn her living on the streets, but who is always hopefully—and hopelessly—looking for some permanent affection that will help her to change her life. In the end, just when she thinks that she is to marry a man who really loves her, he steals her money and tries to murder her, and the film closes with her weary, but still hopeful smile to a crowd of happy young people coming away from a picnic. They wish her "buona sera"; and we feel that it is true—that she has changed enough to accept with humility and in peace what God sends her—a "good night."

It is not a picture for everyone, but it is one of the most moving stories of a spiritual progress told through visual images that I can remember. Seen in Cannes, where almost everyone knew enough about Catholicism, it roused the audience to transports of applause. What would happen in a country where a Catholic mentality has never been common property, I do not know. Such viewers will, I suppose, applaud its technical brilliance, but the real kernel of the meaning will probably escape them. I found Masina's performance almost unbearably moving: one felt as if spying on a private experience.

U. S. AND OTHER CONTENDERS

Friendly Persuasion is a warm, human story whose acting, color and direction—not to mention Samantha the goose—are wonderfully good. But that it should have carried off the Grand Prix in competition with the three above-mentioned pictures really made one doubt the seriousness of the official jury. It simply was not in the same class with them, and the award surprised almost everyone. The American entry, made up of three films: *Friendly Persuasion*, *Funny Face* and *Bachelor Party*, was what could be called a routine one. Competent, often charming and sometimes more, the first two films were received with great friendliness; of *Bachelor Party* I never heard anyone speak.

The British entry, on the other hand, was deplorably ill-chosen.

High Tide at Noon is a simple picture about the inhabitants of an island off Nova Scotia; it has good qualities but is not a festival entry.



Yangtse Incident, the story of *H.M.S. Amethyst*'s break for freedom from the Communist Chinese forces in 1949, had the merit of being strictly true, and was made in our now familiar documentary, stiff-upper-lip style, but it was, in spite of some good acting and a few stirring sequences, undeniably dull.

The Russians this time sent two pictures and a splendid documentary about the Arctic whalers. One, a love story in the new humanized Soviet style, won a prize for the most original script. The other was described by someone as being a "noble failure"; it was a version of *Don Quixote*, with the great classic actor Cherkassov—great in every sense, for he must be about six-foot-four—as the Knight. It had some brilliant sequences and there was one long interlude in the Spanish court, in which the Duke and Duchess with cold, bored eyes watched the heart of Don Quixote being broken by the mockery of their courtiers; it had all the fearful fascination of one of Hans Andersen's grimmer stories. It was too long and too slow, but I would not have missed it for anything.

FROM POLAND

I missed the Polish picture, *Kanal*—about a pocket of resistance in the Warsaw rising—but it seemed to have won golden opinions from all who saw it. The young man who made it, Andrej Wapda, is only 31, and we must hope for great things if he continues to make pictures of this caliber. The Japanese sent one immensely long feature about peasants working in the rice fields. It was dignified by a wonderful performance by a middle-aged actress in the part of a peasant mother, and some of those set-pieces of color and grouping that the Japanese do better than any other nation.

A Norwegian picture about Laplanders running their reindeer over the melting snows to the sea really taught one a great number of new things; and Denmark, too, sent in an interesting feature picture about a man who lived in Greenland in a small settlement, where he had quite identified himself with his Eskimo neighbors. Should this picture, *Quivitok*, ever come your way, it is well worth a visit.

It would be useless merely to run through a list of the other entries, but one picture must be mentioned. This was *Rekava*, from Ceylon. Made by a Catholic director in that predominantly Buddhist country, it tells, in an almost neo-realist style, a story of village life; the director told me sadly that it had not been a success because the people in Ceylon preferred "glamor."

Out of all this plethora of good things, the jury of the Catholic International Office of the Cinema was not able to find one film that really fulfilled the terms of reference for our prize. After much discussion, we contented ourselves with giving special mention to the films of Dassin and Fellini for their courage in tackling problems of human selfishness, and opposing to them the Christian virtues of courage and charity. Thus once more—or so it seemed to many of us—the jury which had to consider moral as well as esthetic elements came to a better decision than the one which had looser terms of reference.

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BOOKS

A "Fighting Science" of Man

THE CHARACTER OF MAN

By Emmanuel Mounier. Transl. by Cynthia Rowland. Harper. 341p. \$6

During an enforced retirement in the early 1940's, the late Emmanuel Mounier wrote his lengthy *Traité du caractère*. Though intended as a serious scientific work which would meet a want in French psychological literature, Mounier's book was meant to embody as well what he called "a fighting science." It was not just another study of man. It was a struggle for man, a struggle undertaken in the shadow and confusion of a great defeat, and carried on with the same heroic generosity and tragic optimism that had put Mounier at the head of the Personalist movement and made him a powerful, and sometimes controversial, leader in the modern Catholic revival in France.

In the present publication, the translator was faced with the formidable task of abridging Mounier's work to about one-third its original size. This she did mainly by omitting chapters on the physical human background (inevitably résumés of other men's work), by drastically reducing the number of case histories, and by omitting matters that were too exclusively addressed to French psychologists.

This abbreviated version, therefore, as the translator carefully points out, tends to stress the metaphysical and spiritual aspects of the human condition. This is a point worthy of mention, because Mounier was a man most deeply imbued with a sense of incarnation, and of man's close conditioning by the three-dimensional world in which we move.

To correct the imbalance of this version, or at least to let the reader see for himself how much attention Mounier did pay to the physical aspects of character, the translator appends the complete table of contents of the original *Traité du caractère*. Other appendices contain a translation of Mounier's notes and a brief outline of the characterology of Heymans and Wiersma—of which Mounier makes great use but whose terminology may be unfamiliar to some English-speaking readers. Throughout the translation a system of asterisks and brief footnotes informs the reader of what is being omitted. What remains is a densely written book in

which Mounier calls on seemingly endless resources of varied knowledge to present (what his confused and depressed countrymen might easily lose sight of) a full-length picture of "all that it means to be a man."

Even a slight acquaintance with Mounier will prepare the reader to expect a book that affirms the existence of free and creative personalities, a book that will take a firm stand against psychological determinism, spiritual escapism, defeatism of every kind, fear of the future. The application of these and other Personalist themes gives this work its originality and makes it something more than a very intelligent man's rehearsal of what has already been set down by scientific investigators and gifted observers of human character.

Mounier insists that he is interested in the character of man rather than in the characterology of man. In the opening chapter, "Towards the Mystery of

the Person," he boldly faces the problem: how can the ineffable individual be understood by means of a science whose findings must be formulated and communicated in generalities? To this he answers that even the strongest individuality is charged with some generality, an overplus which makes typologies not only possible but useful, provided we do not allow the scientific description of types to freeze the possibilities of living persons.

With this caveat in mind, the reader will find on almost every page of this book some "case history," some character description, some apt quotation or penetrating observation which can bring him at least a bit closer to a knowledge of his neighbor and of himself. Best of all, he will find the insistence that character must be related to what Mounier calls its "metapsychological" background. This involves the reality of values, of desired finalities, of the power of choice—a power that pertains not to the abstract personality but to the "me-here-now."

With his dialectical virtuosity Mounier can write ably of "the abysses of the unconscious self, which sometimes escape our gaze and often our control."

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

LAS Liberal Arts and Sciences

E Engineering

C Commerce

FS Foreign Service

D Dentistry

G Graduate School

Ed Education

IR Industrial Relations

J Journalism

L Law

M Medicine

N Nursing

P Pharmacy

S Social Work

Se Science

Sy Seismology Station

Sy Speech

Officers Training Corps

AROTC—Army

NROTC—Navy

AFROTC—Air Force



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Since its founding in 1852, the College can point with pride to an outstanding record of alumni who have served the City, State and Nation eminently well. Loyola College is confident that it provides similar creative opportunities for young men to achieve distinction in their chosen fields.

But he will not allow his reader to stand paralyzed before what is only a partial view of the human person. The transcendence of the person has its own abysses, and it is the *choice of position* that gives shape to a life and defines the personal being.

Mounier has indeed presented a "fighting science," in a work of such breadth that it seems capable of speaking to many types of readers, not omitting students and devotees of the spiritual life. He adheres faithfully to his determination to keep the whole man in view, the mysterious person who is at once spiritual and physical, determined and undetermined, choosing his destiny in this world of space and time.

The theme of the book might be not unfairly expressed in a sentence that Mounier quotes from St. Francis de Sales: "We must endure our own imperfection to attain perfection."

FREDERICK A. HARKINS

Largest Mission Order

BEYOND ALL HORIZONS

Edited by Thomas J. M. Burke, S.J. Hanover House. 288p. \$3.75

The dozen short chapters of this popular symposium are intended to present the aims, difficulties and achievements of the Church's missions as seen in the work of 6,000 Jesuit missionaries in 70 mission fields across the earth—the largest single group working in the mission apostolate.

Though by no means the first missionaries, Jesuits were the first order in the Church whose obedience to the rule implied for all the possibility of a missionary assignment. St. Ignatius himself never went on the missions, but through the order he founded he became one of the most influential missionaries in the history of the Church. Move fast but solidly, he said. If you cannot move fast and solidly, move slowly.

Xavier was the greatest missionary sent out by Ignatius. Manoel da Nóbrega, Pedro Martínez and Pedro Sánchez, following his heroic example, preached the word of Christ in the New World, where there are now something like 100 million Catholics. Jesuits were sent to the nominal Catholics of Europe and became part of the Catholic underground in Elizabethan England. Valignano developed the Indian, Japanese and Chinese missions. Matteo Ricci's work of blending Chinese philosophy and Christianity was an achievement of the first order. De' Nobili was the first European to master Sanskrit.

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The stamp of genuine humanism was upon everything the Jesuits tried to accomplish. They cultivated and used the arts of music and building. In cartography, geography, ethnography and history they did an immense and valuable work. They founded schools, colleges and observatories. They established cooperatives in Jamaica, pioneered a housing program in Alaska. During the past year Jesuits published about 1,500 books, and edited more than 1,300 periodicals and newspapers. All these things are means to an end. That end is the conversion of the world to Christ and the sanctification of souls.

The missionary today finds himself in the midst of populations seething with unrest and new aspirations. Formerly his work was encouraged and protected by European colonial powers. Today this former patronage is a handicap in nations which have recently achieved independence. Perhaps the most formidable missionary challenge of our day is the destruction of the myth that Christianity is a white man's creed or a Western creed, and that conversion to Christianity demands the abandonment of the native culture and the adoption of a Western way of life.

What is called for is a return to the great missionary tradition of Ricci, de Nobili and Valignano, who brought Christ and His Church to many diverse peoples while respecting the cultures and the customs of the countries. The primary effort of missionaries is not precisely to "make converts" but to establish and make visible and at home in every nation the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ. Love and intelligence in the pursuit of this goal was the theme of Ignatius' life; it is a tradition which his followers are trying to carry on today.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED
By Ivan Bahriany. St. Martin's Press. 245p.
\$3.50

If you like to read about the out-of-doors, about hunting, about strange, unusual places, about suspenseful man-hunts, about the workings of modern slave-systems, about those strong primitive emotions that bind the loyalties of men pitted against hostile forces, this novel will keep you glued to your chair. Mr. Bahriany has undoubtedly lived a good part of this story. Born and educated in the Ukraine, he fell a victim of a general purge of deviationists in the 1930's, was sentenced to five years of forced labor in Siberia, escaped,

was recaptured and then paroled because of poor health. During World War II he escaped to the West and since 1945 has been living in Germany. His experiences have given this novel its air of immediacy, authenticity and heroism. It is a Dantesque tale of a man who has been through hell and returned to tell about it.

Hryhory Mnogohrishny, the hero of the novel, escapes from a prison train that is carrying him to 25 years of penal servitude in Siberia. Because Hryhory has incurred the special enmity of the major who conducts the interrogations of political prisoners for the NKVD, the escape of this prize prisoner stirs the entire Siberian secret police into action for his recapture. Throughout the rest of the novel, the reader is never allowed to forget that the "hunters" are on the spoor and are inexorably closing in.

The entire middle section of the novel is taken up with the hero's adventures with hunters in a lonely, rugged country. The quests for antlers, wild boars and tigers provide some of the most exciting, vivid adventure-writing since Hemingway's *The Green Hills of Africa*.

After one of these hunts, Hryhory and Natalka's brother visit the city of Khabarovsk and just miss being seized by the secret police. Naturally there is a budding romance between the hero and the young girl. There is the final meeting and reckoning between the "hunters and the hunted"—but it would be ungrateful to reveal the breathtaking ending of the book.

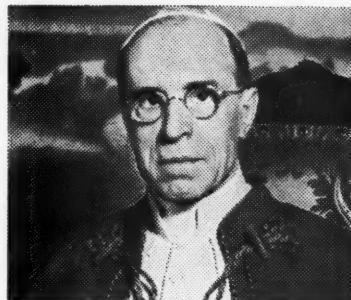
EDWARD P. J. CORBETT

THE WORD

You, therefore, must go out, making disciples of all nations, and baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost (Matt. 28:19; Gospel for Trinity Sunday).

In the very first scene of our divine Saviour's public life, His baptism at the hands of John Barzachary, the unfathomable mystery of the blessed Trinity

REV. FREDERICK A. HARKINS, S.J., who did advanced studies in ascetical theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., is a lecturer in religion at Holy Cross College, Worcester. JOHN J. O'CONNOR teaches in the Department of History, Georgetown University.



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America's BOOK-LOG



JUNE

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is formally revealed as a fact and, consequently, as an article of religious faith. As the Word Incarnate stands in the waters of Jordan a dual event takes place. The voice of God the Father is heard, identifying the utterly unique One who has just now quietly taken His place among sinners: *This is my beloved Son*. And at once the Holy Spirit is seen in the form of a dove, descending upon the Lord Christ.

The extraordinary happening does not, indeed, constitute a complete theological exposition of a religious mystery. It is what it is: the simple revelation of a religious mystery. For God's purposes at the moment, the revelation was entirely adequate; and whenever God speaks, His word is conclusive.

In what may have been the final scene of our Redeemer's sojourn on earth, Christ the Lord completes His own work by fully commissioning His disciples. They are to go out, making *disciples of all nations, and baptizing them*; and they are to do this *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*. We may say, then, that Christ's life as prophet or teacher began and ended with the declaration of the dogma of the Trinity.

The doctrine of the Trinity, that God is both One and Three, is the prime and in every way primary example of veritable religious mystery. Human reason is powerless to demonstrate such a truth; in fact, human reason, left to itself, would unhesitatingly deny the Trinitarian notion. By sharply—and rightly—distinguishing the very different concepts of *person* and *nature*, the theologian can defy human reason to prove that the Trinity constitutes a contradiction. But more than this the theologian does not demand of simple, natural intellect. The rest is faith, and pure faith. God has revealed that He is One, yet Three. As Aquinas says so trenchantly of the Eucharist, *praest fides supplementum*: let faith finish the course, where strict reason bogs down in the heavy going of rational difficulties.

One might spend a deal of time in reflection on the mystery of the Trinity as a challenge to faith. Or one might as easily, and much more profitably, pass such time in consideration of the Trinity as a revelation of love.

There is no difficulty whatever in comprehending the father-son relationship, or in recognizing that it is, all else apart, a relationship not only of generation but of love. Then we may recall both the tenderness and profundity with which that relationship between our Saviour and His Father is described in the four Gospels. Finally,

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we need only conceive that this immense, incalculable love between Christ and His Father is not, as in the human father-son relationship, a *thing*, but actually a *Person*.

The Holy Spirit is the love between the Father and the Son, and yet He is not a mere function of the Father and the Son, but a distinct divine Personality, equal in nature, power and majesty with the Father and the Son. The Son is eternally *begotten* of the Father alone, but the Holy Spirit eternally *proceeds*, not from the Son alone or from the Father alone, but from Father and Son.

Admittedly, the Trinity is not a simple matter. But the adorable Trinity is a sublime reality. The mystery of the Trinity does indeed demand faith. But the infinite love that is revealed in the Trinity asks for an answering love. In the presence of this truth a man may cry out, "O impenetrable mystery!" Or he may reverently and lovingly make the Sign of the Cross.

VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.

TELEVISION

It is no longer an official secret that the television season just ended has been a disappointing one. Viewers have been saying so unequivocally for months. And now representatives of the industry have begun public discussion of its shortcomings.

One of the most spectacular blasts set off against TV programming came, somewhat ironically, from a writer who is paid handsomely to provide material for it. Goodman Ace, whose efforts on behalf of the Perry Como Show and other presentations are reported to bring him \$9,000 a week, thinks TV "spends the greater part of the regular season mired in the muck of mediocrity."

In a recent interview with William Michelfelder of the New York *World Telegram and Sun*, Mr. Ace said also that through lack of enterprise, television was guilty of "too much slavish imitation of shows that get the rating." Referring to some producers and sponsors, he said: "They see a show is getting a higher rating. Never mind what kind of a show it is. They start saying: 'I want a show like that.'"

To confirm this statement one need look no further than the rash of big-money quiz shows in the last two years that followed the success of "The \$84,000 Question."

Some of Mr. Ace's most incisive comments dealt with TV people's under-

estimation of the mental capacity of their audiences. "I wrote an intelligent line for a certain comic," he remarked. "He shook his head and asked me, 'Will they understand this in Des Moines?' So I flew out to Des Moines to see. Know what I discovered? Des Moines



is filled with highly intelligent people. Full of schools and museums. Iowa, of which Des Moines is the capital, leads the nation in literacy—99.2 per cent."

Denouncing the practices of "top-level idiots" in television, Mr. Ace declared: "Some of these advertising characters understand methanols and methyl-salicylate in their products, but they can't understand a good joke. They are so hypnotized by these decimal points in TV ratings that they will cancel out a good show before it gets a chance to prove it is liked by the intelligent public."

There can be no question that Mr. Ace has made some valid points. His indictment is warranted and impressive. There would appear, however, to be another consideration that was not mentioned in the interview. This is the tendency of the great majority of viewers to go along with the mediocrity that has been inflicted upon them.

After seeing a program that annoys him because he finds it offensive, stupid or dull, a viewer may grumble about it. But it is not likely, unless he is an exceptional person, that he will take the trouble to make his reactions known to those responsible for the telecast. The person who does take the trouble to write to a sponsor or network to express his views on what he has been watching, is too often regarded by friends as a kind of zealous eccentric.

Too many viewers settle for trash instead of doing something about it. They will regularly watch a "popular" show merely because it happens to be the best thing available at the time, though they would much prefer entertainment of a different kind. And few indeed are those who after seeing a superior program will bother to let the sponsor or network know that this is the kind of presentation they appreciate.

Until people are willing, in large numbers, to make their feelings known where they count, mediocrity will continue to thrive on the television screen.

J. P. SHANLEY

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FILMS

A FACE IN THE CROWD (Warner), written and directed respectively by Budd Schulberg and Elia Kazan, who collaborated on the memorable *On the Waterfront*, is about a TV personality who looks strikingly like the "Great Man" in the recent film of that name.

In *A Face in the Crowd* this combination lecher, ingrate and megalomaniac is played—and extremely well—by Andy Griffith, who up to now has been chiefly noted for creating the role of the unshakably innocent and good-natured hillbilly in the stage production of *No Time for Sergeants*.

Though the central figure in both films appears to have derived its inspiration from the same source, the approach is quite different. In *The Great Man*, the title character was dead and the revelations concerning his personal noisomeness were fragmentary and admittedly had no particular significance other than providing an absorbing screen play. *A Face in the Crowd*, on the other hand, attempts to document the man's whole story and to sound, in addition, a dire warning about the power for evil that television can wield.

It begins with the discovery of "Lonesome" Rhodes, folk-singer and self-confessed bum, in a small-town Arkansas jail. He is discovered by an intelligent, seemingly fastidious girl (Patricia Neal), who later becomes his mentor during his rapid rise to big-time TV fame, and ends up eventually and rather unaccountably as his mistress.

She lives to regret that her radio-interview program, "A Face in the Crowd," ever led her to that Ozark jail. She is joined in that regret by an impressive array of victims of her protégé's greed, ingratitude and alley-cat morals.

The greatest victim of all, however (the picture seems to say), is the American public, which lets itself be enthralled and manipulated by a demagogue who privately harbors nothing but contempt for it. In the end it is only by a fortuitous circumstance that Lonesome is discredited and prevented from enticing his following into the camp of an ambitious right-wing political cabal.

The suggestion that popularity as an entertainer carries with it the capacity to influence public opinion is a dubious premise at best, and is not very convincingly documented in the film. Aside from this basic weakness, Kazan's direction has an unevenness not usual in his work, and as a consequence the story of the "great man's" rise and fall

does not quite hang together. It has shockingly effective moments, though, and its exposition of the vulgarity and false standards of popular TV is acutely and accurately satirical. [L of D: B]

MONKEY ON MY BACK (United Artists) is the presumably inspirational biography of Barney Ross, champion prizefighter, war hero and cured drug addict. Nevertheless it has run afoul of the Production Code's liberalized provisions on the screen treatment of narcotics because it contains a scene which shows the hero injecting himself with morphine. In addition, it is the subject of a lawsuit filed by Ross himself, though the film was made with his consent and assistance.

I am unable to assess the merits of the lawsuit, but I think I can conjecture why the producers refused to remove the controversial scene (which is entirely unnecessary to the plot and is, in the opinion of those who should know, explosively unsuitable screen material). The picture is inferior in quality, being altogether lacking in the vitality and conviction of the Rocky Graziano film biography, for example. Its best bet financially, if not ethically, would seem to be to appeal to the good-sized minority of fans who are attracted to any film with the aura of forbidden fruit. Camerons Mitchell plays Ross and is often better than his material. [L of D: B]

MOIRA WALSH

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